

The Commonweal

January 18, 1952

MORALITY, SCIENCE AND ART

Alex Comfort

The Case of John Stewart Service

Harold C. Hinton

Volume LV

15c

Number 15



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An Unmistakable Verdict

THREE months ago these columns put the matter of The Commonweal's survival in our readers' hands. We explained that rising costs had made it absolutely imperative to raise the circulation level by 4,500 long-term subscriptions by January 1. By January 2 we had actually received 4,513 new long-term subscriptions and some \$3,400 in cash donations as well. No doubts could attend a reply like that.

This week The Commonweal is printing 18,500 copies—a small total by most standards, but an all-time high for this review. It remains to be seen whether present momentum will soon carry the circulation beyond the 20,000 mark.

What were the leading factors in the success of the campaign? First and foremost was the enthusiastic response of hundreds of our readers to the editorial and letter which started the drive. The first few weeks supplied a heart-warming response that made things look promising from the outset, infusing the staff with new hope and determination.

Then there was the extraordinary spontaneous publicity that accompanied the campaign all through. This ranged all the way from *Time* magazine's column about The Commonweal (October 15) and Barry Gray's repeated broadcasts, to subscription appeals in a number of Catholic college papers. Fellow-members of the Catholic press stood loyally by, including journals with which we have taken issue from time to time. Here and there the daily press published pleas. And in a spirit of Christian fellowship the *Living Church* and the *Christian Century* urged their readers to send subscriptions to The Commonweal.

There were numerous individuals who took the drive to be a major personal responsibility. Some of these rang doorbells and persuaded numbers of their friends and neighbors to try The Commonweal for a while. Others added to the steadily growing total by sending out personal letters on the magazine's behalf. Still others dug deep into their own pockets to contribute a number of new gift subscriptions.

It was Christmas which crowned all these efforts and made success certain. Many of our readers felt they could help most by giving Commonweal subscriptions as a Christmas gift. The magazine received over three times as many new gift subscriptions this year as it had on the best previous Christmas.

And thus The Commonweal begins the New Year on a firm footing, with a third more subscriptions than there were three months ago. It begins 1952 with the fortifying assurance that there are actually hundreds of readers who are willing to make all sorts of personal sacrifices in its behalf.

One theme has kept recurring in the hundreds of letters of support and encouragement we have been receiving all through the crucial drive. People said again and again that The Commonweal must go on because it presents a point of view that must be kept alive, one that is greatly needed in this country.

And this leads to one final reflection as the 4,500-subscriptions campaign draws to its intensely gratifying conclusion. If it is important to keep the voice of The Commonweal alive, as so many men and women tell us, then it is likewise important to gain an ever wider hearing for such a point of view.

We are grateful indeed to be alive, but we cannot rest content with mere existence. Happily the effort to expand the magazine's influence goes on. Organized efforts on The Commonweal's behalf of a quasi-permanent nature are even now getting under way. And at a time when ideas have such momentous consequences, this magazine feels under compulsion to press forward. The magnificent response of our readers during the past three months urges us steadily on.

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

What Alternative?

IN OUR determined effort to contain Communism and preserve peace it would seem that our choice is limited. The United Nations organization suffers from too many structural defects—such as the ever-threatened veto—to serve as a basket for all our defensive eggs. And our productive might fails to imbue with much enthusiasm the prospect of standing up to the Soviets alone. The peoples of the world regard with little relish domination by either the United States or the USSR.

That leaves the possibility of alliances. We want strong allies to build up an impregnable mutual defense. Hopes for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization have been slowly rising in recent months. There are also good reports from Turkey. But there are such countervailing factors as growing weakness in the Near East and lack of progress in France and Italy.

About the only signs of returning vigor in Western Europe are noted in Germany, which economically seems to be coming back. France, beset by colonial difficulties overseas and economic stagnation at home, appears enfeebled. Her debility is reflected in the collapse of the Plevin Government—a fall precipitated by economic duress. Spain is even worse off than Italy.

Except for Germany Britain is the only European nation still potentially strong. A Europe dominated by a resurgent Germany would be a restive Europe with little inner strength. Only if Britain becomes powerful enough to serve as an effective counterbalance will there be a chance of building up a genuine European community.

That is why Winston Churchill's visit to Washington is so important to us—both in immediate and longer-range terms. Britain is likewise our most dependable single ally; the British Empire—even in its present diminished state—provides a natural complement to our own far-flung defenses.

Of necessity the formal agenda for the Churchill visit deals with many things, diplomatic, military and political. Curiously enough it does not specifically extend to economic questions. Yet it is hardly possible to arrive at the closer understanding desired by both nations without dealing with the root of Britain's chronic difficulties.

So much of the question is a matter of scale. In the six and one half years since the end of hostilities, the United States has aided Britain to the tune of seven billion dollars in the form of grants and loans. Further aid is contemplated on a similar scale. In terms of our own military budget, and of Britain's importance in our own defense plans, it all seems extremely modest.

The fact is that Britain and the United States now operate on different levels. Some idea of the present disparity may be had from such key items as steel and electric power production—in each case six times greater in the United States.

The Empire's annual trade balance deficit is relatively modest in American eyes; to the British it constitutes a tremendous obstacle that calls for drastic personal austerities. Much of the gap can be compassed by our purchases of Malayan tin and rubber, while British industry would get a new lease on life through a goodly allocation of American steel.

The hope is that when the economic experts face up to things this time they will agree on steps that will do something more than barely enable the British to keep their heads above water for a few more months. We simply cannot afford to have our principal ally thrown against the wall at dishearteningly recurring intervals.

Candidate Eisenhower

AT LAST the General's cap is definitely in the ring, and at this writing there is widespread rejoicing that it is so. If, as some of the psy-

chologists said, President Roosevelt served above all as a father-figure, the role of Dwight D. Eisenhower seems to be that of a big brother who, it is hoped, will come back from the wars to take over the household.

There is a general feeling abroad that Eisenhower is good for what ails us. As President, many believe, Ike above all others would be able to restore unity, coherence and emphasis to the nation. His present appeal is not a partisan one but, as his supporters rightly point out, transcends political labels; it is immediate, personal, dynamic.

The conviction that Eisenhower is the man for the time and place rests on more than an infectious grin and ingratiating manner. The General's talents as a diplomat are already legend. His administrative experience during the past decade is equally impressive; each of the delicate military assignments given him has been handled with remarkable finesse. For almost ten years now Eisenhower has enjoyed a good press. Hardly a word of criticism has interfered with the steady chorus of approval. The success of each of the General's assignments has been clearly in the national interest, so he has had the President, both parties and the general population solidly behind him all down the line. Now, as a presidential candidate, he is somewhat on his own; whether the magic appeal will continue to work remains to be seen.

Politically, the General is still a somewhat vague, indefinite figure. It was not until he definitely gave the go-signal to supporters that even his party loyalties were clearly known. Like a good soldier, Eisenhower has generally kept his

political opinions to himself. But that he supports at least the basic outlines of present foreign policy has been made clear. Beyond that the Eisenhower outlook is almost unknown territory—which speaks well for the General, whatever it leaves to be said for the presidential candidate.

"There are no big names in politics," it is said. Even General Eisenhower's tremendous personal popularity is not enough to assure his friends of success at the Republican convention. Still whatever the outcome of that convention and of the Democrats', the present wave of enthusiasm for Ike is pregnant with political meaning. It is a clear reminder to both parties that what the American people want above all in Washington is the kind of integrity, wholesomeness and frankness that Dwight Eisenhower symbolizes in the popular mind.

Unemployment in Detroit

IT IS nearly fifteen years since the American people were last confronted by the specter of unemployment. Rearmament, World War II, the Marshall Plan and now a new rearmament program have succeeded in providing the jobs that New Deal measures fell short of. What remains for some of us is a vague fear that without war pressures of one sort or another our economy will again be plagued with millions of idle hands.

The extent to which continued full employment has been the result of planning is a matter of conjecture. But present and past difficulties in Detroit indicate that at least during certain transition periods there must be a firm hand at the controls. At a moment when an all-time high of sixty-three million Americans are gainfully employed, Detroit has large numbers of idle on her hands; 120,000 men are out of work and the number is growing. Another way of putting it is to say that one quarter of that city's auto workers have lost their jobs. There is no prospect for improvement for six months, of full employment for a year.

The overlying difficulty is that defense production has not come along as fast as scheduled and the men laid off by the auto makers have not been absorbed by war plants in adequate numbers. Back of this lies a bottleneck in the production of machine tools and "bugs" in the latest tanks and certain other new weapons.

Despite their bleak prospects for the coming year, most of the idle autoworkers in the Detroit

• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT writes about Edith Stein, a French Carmelite who was executed by the Nazis.

"By her gifts and the vigor of her intelligence she makes us think of that other great Jewish intellectual, Simone Weil, who reached the threshold of conversion but hesitated to take the final step separating her from the Church of Christ. Once she had entered the convent, Edith Stein sacrificed none of her intellectual gifts, as her posthumous writings well show. But like many souls in our time she thirsted for something else than intelligence. What she sought was that commitment of her whole being which only a full-fledged life as a religious could provide."

area are loath to move their families to other areas where there is a heavy demand for workers in defense plants. Such moves are both risky and difficult, and the men feel that their permanent prospects in Detroit are considerably better. The pinch will come when they reach the end of the twenty weeks during which their unemployment benefits are in effect. Already these payments have run out for some five thousand. Here, as in the big lay-offs in the 1930's, big forces over which the individual breadwinner has no control have intervened to threaten his existence. Special provision for the men and their families will have to be made.

Television and Education

HOW much children learn at school is not affected one way or the other by whether they have a television set at home. This was the conclusion of a study made at Xavier University in Cincinnati by a four-man committee headed by Dr. Raymond F. McCoy, Director of the Xavier Graduate Division. Walter J. Clarke, assistant professor of Education, conducted the survey. He interviewed almost one thousand seventh and eighth graders from sixteen public and parochial schools in the Cincinnati area.

"It would be a gross misinterpretation of the data," Dr. Clarke warned, "to hold that in the case of a given child his habits of watching television could not affect his school achievement. The data gathered in this study reveals that poorer television habits and lower IQs, parental control and poorer school achievement tend to be found in the same child."

It was found that the children with television in the home—twelve and thirteen-year-olds—spend an average of 3.7 hours every school day in front of the screen. Over the period of a week, counting Saturday and Sunday, the total is thirty hours—the average time spent in the classroom is twenty-five hours weekly. More than half of the children interviewed said that they were permitted to watch any programs they wanted since there was no parental supervision. Milton Berle was the top favorite, followed by several westerns, Arthur Godfrey, *Stop the Music* and *Twenty Questions*.

It would seem that the educational force of television is already a fact—one way or the other the children interviewed are being television-educated, at least in the very broad sense of that word. Their ideas, values and responses are surely being strongly conditioned by what

they watch for hours every day. At least at the present time the TV screen seems to be taking over the function that once belonged to books, in the lives of the young. It is doubtful, given the statistics, that many of the viewers are very serious readers—there simply isn't enough time left! All in all, it seems safe to presume that most of their extra-schoolroom learning comes by way of the TV screen.

This of course puts a heavy burden of responsibility on the television people to supply the best material possible. Maybe too heavy a burden. Television is here to stay. With it has come one of the most grave educational challenges any group ever faced. It seems a bit awkward that it must be faced primarily by men whose experience has been more along the soap-selling line.

Time's Man

ANNUALLY at this season there is the two-way sport provided by naming the Man of the Year. The editors of *Time* magazine have the fun initially; then the reading public gets its innings at the man on the red-framed cover.

This year their choice seems to be a particularly unhappy one. Premier Mossadegh did indeed have his victories in 1951. But he is the sort of victor who takes some big tricks but fails to make his bid, who wins certain arguments but loses the whole debate, who wins a battle but loses the war.

He became Premier of Iran when his pro-Western predecessor was assassinated. He took refuge in the Iranian Parliament building until nationalization of his country's oil was enacted. He ejected the tottering British from the giant refinery of Abadan. Come to New York to plead his case, he made the United Nations wait upon his supposedly precarious health and his own good pleasure.

Time's claims for him were well hedged. It was simply that "his rapid advance from obscurity was attended by the greatest stir," and that "this strange old man represented one of the most profound problems of his time."

But what was the nature of his victory? He has roused passions in Iran which he is unable to satisfy. He has brought his country to the brink of financial disaster. He has made sure that in short order he and his fellow-landowners will be swept away. We back no other candidate but only wonder why *Time* should dub the "most noteworthy" a politician who has been digging his own grave.

Morality, Science and Art

Isn't it time for the scientist and the artist
to say: "Here stand I, I can do no other"?

By ALEX COMFORT

THERE have been times in the history of art and of science when the individual worker's responsibility was not a pressing issue. That is not true today. In the first place, the pressure of ethical decisions upon all of us, all the time, is now intense and unavoidable, and that applies just as much to the postman, the shoemaker, and the clerk as it does to the artist or the scientist—any of them may at any time be called upon, under compulsion, to support or to carry out themselves actions which would have disgusted Genghis Khan. Secondly, I believe that the artist and scientist have special responsibilities, in addition to their normal duty, of remaining human beings in whose eyes no other human being is quite deserving to be treated as vermin.

The problems we face are not new. It can be argued that the atom bomb poses no fundamentally different moral choice from that which faced the Napoleonic conscript with his bayonet, or the citizen during the Hundred Years' War, but the growth of our self-awareness, for which science and art are both responsible, has made a profound difference to our attitudes. We see ostensibly civilized cultures committing themselves to genocide as a weapon of war, we see the really fundamental human problems of continuing overpopulation and disease neglected in favor of psychopathic feuds—and most significantly we are put in the position, all of us, of choosing between enforced participation and active resistance without being able to trust, as our fathers did, to the idea of protest and progress through the usual political channels.

Everything we sense as individuals, and very nearly everything we learn as social psychologists, makes it clear that any gesture of protest, any attempt to modify the course of events, must initially, if not throughout, be a personal one — a reassertion of our own responsibility towards other individuals.

I did not select art and science arbitrarily, to discuss responsibility, or even because I have an interest in both of them myself. Man has so far developed only two effective techniques for

widening his grasp on external realities: the technique of communicating total perception which we call art, and the technique of investigating objective experience which we call science, and these are complementary techniques. In the past, artists have often been content to discuss their responsibility in aesthetic terms, and scientists have taken, and still do take, the kind of view which rejects any direct concern with the application of their results — the usual argument has been, I think, that the scientist has only the ordinary responsibilities of a citizen, and that he has no right to make special claims on the ordering of society.

Those attitudes, I submit, have broken down. They have broken down in the face of the experience we have had of Nazism, in the face of the atom bomb, and the advent of policy-determination by mass hysteria; most of all they have broken down, for the scientist, in the face of the realization that the policies now being applied over large parts of the earth are the result not of purposive planning, or even of purposive malice, but of entirely irrelevant factors springing from personality-disorder, neurotic and aggressive compulsions, and even of mental disease.

The scientist has been under obligation, all along, to the promotion of human welfare without being very keenly aware of the exact scope of his obligation, and often without taking the trouble to express it to himself in words. Now he finds himself, often to his great alarm, being asked to put unlimited powers of genocide, coercion, and destruction into the hands of limited groups of individuals, many of whom show themselves by all their public gestures quite unfit to control a sporting gun, let alone a vast military machine.

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IN RECENT YEARS many scientists saw, or I thought they saw, the possibility of ridding themselves of this very heavy responsibility through the institution of collective security. I can testify to the effect which events in Korea have had on some of my colleagues who thought in this way. Having seen collective security in action, quite a number of them have come to the view that there is no compromise possible for them, short of personal and individual refusal to cooperate in destructive or psychopathic projects, however those may be rationalized. In the words

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of Professor Max Born: "The only remedy seems to me to be a violent moral reaction against the misuse of science. Scientists should organize themselves with the aim to outlaw the prostitution of science."

The need to translate an amorphous sense of social obligation into practical action is being felt more and more. The profound shock caused by the atomic bomb certainly posed the question of personal responsibility for the projects in which one engages in a very sharp and inescapable form, but the issue had been growing to a head in other fields—the psychiatrists, for example, who were forced to choose between the creation of good soldiers full of hatred for the enemy, and the restoration of balanced personalities, or, more recently, the prospect of the military uses of bacteriology.

Some individuals have been in no doubt where their obligation lay: one eminent American exponent of cybernetics, for example, flatly refused to provide information to the Guided Missiles Project on the ground that he could not accept responsibility for the use to be made of it; the international Microbiological Congress has passed an unequivocal resolution condemning the preparation of bacteriological warfare as unethical. Such definite attitudes are not yet general, and they are equally strongly opposed by other scientists, but it does seem to me that there is growing up very widely a desire, almost a craving, for an agreed ethical position. Those who feel this desire are frequently unwilling to formulate such a position, and may doubt the possibility of formulating it. Yet workers in specifically military research are, I think, already aware of a very slight fall in temperature around them when they mix with their colleagues. The development of a unified ethical voice in science is slow, but it seems to me that its development is inevitable.

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IT HAPPENS that the branch of science in which I was trained, medicine, is the only branch which not only has such a unified ethic but has had it for almost 6,000 years. The idea of the human responsibility of the doctor has been present since medicine was indistinguishable from magic. For some, it has been a supernatural duty based on religion or philosophy, but I doubt if that was the true origin of the Hippocratic tradition. It seems more likely that it arose because men recognized that since knowledge of poisons and more-or-less dangerous and powerful remedies was needed for the struggle with disease, some safeguard was necessary to place the possessors of this hazardous proficiency in a special category, a category which made them responsible to humanity in general.

When we destroyed the data obtained by

human experiments in the Nazi concentration camps, we were reasserting that tradition. Our own age is the first since early European history in which that tradition has been seriously challenged, and even today a government is going to think twice before it calls a medical psychologist to assist in spreading hatred, or a medical bacteriologist to assist in spreading disease. It knows it runs the risk of meeting a refusal which would have the support of very nearly the whole of medical opinion throughout the world. Non-medical science has grown up without that tradition.

Leonardo might suppress his submarine, but most scientific workers, even the most far-sighted, have felt no uniform, corporate pressure from their tradition to act in this way—if they did, the decision was an individual one. Many felt that by stepping outside the normal processes of politics and citizenship and withholding their support from a particular course of action they were taking the law into their own hands. Today, we have only just ceased executing Germans for failing, in such a situation, to take the law into their own hands.

It may perhaps be our recent experience of totalitarianism which will be the decisive factor in making the acceptance of personal responsibility general in science. Another and a more important force is the growth of a science of human behavior. It is becoming clearer and clearer, through the work of social psychologists and psychopathologists, that if I make an atom bomb and entrust it to a political authority, its use or non-use will not depend in any real sense upon threats from without, upon the moral will of the people, or upon any coherent argument or object, but upon quite irrelevant factors in the culture which possesses it and in the childhood upbringing and resultant personality of those who happen to hold office.

I do not think I need stress the unique position of the scientist in facing these problems. If he is prepared to formulate a humanistic ethic and stick to it, he can neither be replaced nor, in the last resort, coerced—it is possible for a state to command a certain amount of purely technical acquiescence but fundamental research and original investigation, on which the whole of technology now depends, can be produced only by willing and enthusiastic workers not by conscript labor in a science factory.

It must be quite clear that if science is prepared to take a really strong line about cooperation with anti-human and destructive policies it can be both effective and decisive. It can, moreover, rally very wide popular support, as the doctor relies on the sanction of world opinion when he asserts his professional neutrality in the care of the wounded. It is possible that in move-

ments such as the American Society for Social Responsibility in Science, to which Professor Einstein has recently given his support, and in debates such as those conducted through the Atomic Scientists' Association, we may be seeing the emergence of such a unified ethical attitude.

In the situation in which our own country finds itself, it will certainly be argued that unless the scientist is willing to cooperate with what is termed, rather hopefully, defense, even if that means the preparation of highly destructive weapons, he must take the responsibility for the destruction of all scientific liberty by one or another totalitarianism. The same argument would apply to medicine, and I doubt if most doctors would be prepared to abandon their tradition because of that risk. In fact, the effect of atomic and other preparations on the growth of science and the liberty of information, as well as the psychological effects of the weapons on their users, are proving not much less serious than those of the forces they are supposed to counter. Even if that were not so, I would remind you that I am talking about a policy for scientific ethics, not scientific expediency. There are some policies, such as Hitler's gas chambers, or war based on genocide, to which I believe we can only reply: "Here stand I, I can do no other." It is the point at which this stand must be made which is the constant anxiety of a great many scientific workers today.

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COMPARED with the immediate practical responsibility of the scientist, the responsibility of the artist must seem puny. The decision which faces him is not, I think, one of practical action. Of course he will try to throw his weight into the scale, and that weight, if he is a writer or even a painter of genius, may have its effect. For the novelist—in our society the only artist who has a mass audience and at the same time effective economic control of the means of addressing it—the hope of some decisive influence is a reasonable one. For him, since he takes of all artists what is probably the largest portion of his culture as material, there is no more escape from the necessity for treating the content of his work seriously than there is for the social psychologist he is coming so closely to resemble.

There is no Hippocratic oath in literature, and I am not attempting to draw one up. As far as I am concerned, the artist is a human being writ large, and his ethics are the ethics of any human being. Perhaps I can best illustrate what seems to me the new consciousness of those duties of assertion and refusal from one writer, and I do not think it is without significance that this writer projects the whole situation of choice into a scientific parable, the parable of a pestilence: a pesti-

lence many human beings are called to fight against, called not by any supernatural obligation but by the simple fact that the fight against a plague is something like a biological human obligation.

★

ALBERT CAMUS seems to me to be the first modern writer, though I am certain he will not be the last, to put the problem of responsibility in specific terms: "I only know," he wrote, "that in this world there are pestilences and there are victims, and it is up to us not to ally ourselves with the pestilences."

For the medical scientist, who knows that he may quite well be called upon today to use literal pestilences, of mind and of body, in psychological and bacteriological warfare, that statement has a meaning clearer and more imperative than its author intended. But for the scientist as general enemy of pestilences, and the artist as general representative of humanity, the basic pestilence which by its epidemic spread in our time challenges his allegiance, is the same—it is the pestilence which, through the spread of irrational fears and irrational hatreds, through the acceptance of coercion, through the neglect of what one can only call social and personal sanitation in our attitudes to society, leads us to forget who we are and who our fellow men are, the pestilence which exterminates 'gooks' or dissidents, which apologizes for torture and massacre in any shape or form, whether it be called for the moment revolution or collective security, the pestilence of atom bombs and concentration camps. In the last resort, there is only one ethically satisfactory reply to that pestilence: an unqualified and unargued 'No.'

I know that this view will seem over-simple to some. Very often it will be denounced as neutrality, a neutrality which is morally unworthy because of the Communist atrocities here, or the capitalist atrocities somewhere else, which we ought to oppose. To that, I would reply myself that so strongly do I oppose not only atrocities of all kinds, but the pestilence itself from which I believe they spring, that a bald reassertion of what I have called 'humanity,' so far from being neutral, is a declaration of partisanship, of being, more specifically, on the side of man. And it is because both art and science are almost by definition 'on the side of man' that the issue of choice which confronts them today seems to me more than a matter of personal ethics—it is rather the reflection in the individual of something in the social nature of the human species, something for the preservation of which the artist and the scientist have already assumed responsibility by the very nature of their work.

The Case of Mr. Service

By HAROLD C. HINTON

ONE of the main issues in the coming election campaign is likely to be the Far Eastern policies of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, and their alleged failure to contain Communism in Asia. And in the debate on this issue the name of John Stewart Service is likely to be mentioned, as it was, several times, during the MacArthur hearing. Service was dismissed from the State Department on December 13, 1951, after the Civil Service Commission's Loyalty Review Board expressed "reasonable doubt" as to his loyalty to the United States.

The dangerous standard of "reasonable doubt" had only recently been introduced as a possible basis for dismissal from federal employment. Service was dismissed not on new evidence under an old ruling, but on old evidence under a new ruling—the essence of *ex post facto* legislation such as Congress is forbidden by the Constitution to pass, but which apparently is considered permissible within the executive branch.

Service and his friends have stoutly denied the imputation of possible disloyalty. The State Department's own Loyalty Security Board, headed by a Republican, cleared him of that charge no less than six times before he finally went down before the Loyalty Review Board. The latter based its doubts as to Service's loyalty mainly on his role in the *Amerasia* case. Frederick Woltman, a Scripps-Howard reporter who has written a pamphlet on this case, has made the fantastic statement that if it had been properly cleared up in 1945 China might not now be under Communist control. Without agreeing with this specimen of journalistic thinking, I would still admit that the case was not properly prosecuted and that it still remains something of a mystery.

Service, together with a few others, was charged with giving classified information to Philip Jaffe, the pro-Communist editor of the magazine *Amerasia*. He was never indicted, however, and to this day he maintains that the material he transmitted to Jaffe was merely "background information" such as he had given with official approval to other journalists. It is undoubtedly true that much of the information was of a political nature and was classified only because it reflected unfavorably upon our wartime ally, the National Government of China. Some of it, however, dealt with purely military matters which Service had no right to disclose to any unauthorized person. The State Department would probably have been justified in dismissing him, in 1945,

as a security risk. To dismiss him in 1951 on the grounds of possible disloyalty is quite another matter.

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SERVICE has also been accused of displaying pro-Communist leanings during the wartime years he spent as political adviser to General Joseph W. Stilwell, Commanding General of American troops in the China-Burma-India Theater and Chief of Staff to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. According to the testimony of Generals Wedemeyer and Hurley at the MacArthur hearing, he sent reports critical of the National Government to Washington without the knowledge of Hurley, our ambassador, and even gave one of them to a Chinese Communist official. At Hurley's request Wedemeyer, who had succeeded Stilwell only a few months earlier, relieved Service and some of his colleagues early in 1945. Nevertheless, Wedemeyer wrote Service a letter of appreciation in May 1945, which reads in part as follows:

Mr. John S. Service is highly commended for outstanding aid rendered headquarters, United States Forces, China theater, in advising the commanding general on political matters which have direct and important bearing on the military situation in China. . . .

He prepared valuable analyses of the political situation as it affected the war potential of the Chinese Government and by correlation that of the United States forces in China.

In recognition of his outstanding performance of duty, the Commanding General, United States Forces, China Theater, expresses to Mr. Service the appreciation of the United States Forces in China.

Anyone acquainted with recent events in China who reads the controversial reports of Service and his colleagues, as they appear in brief form in the State Department's White Paper on China, can hardly fail to conclude that they reported the situation accurately, on the whole. They pointed out the growing weakness and unpopularity of the National Government, the rising strength and popularity of the Communists, the danger of civil war between them, and the fact that Japan or Soviet Russia would be the chief beneficiary of any Chinese civil war.

To be sure, they overrated the democratic tendencies of the Communists and the chances of their remaining friendly toward the United States, but there seems to be no reason to doubt their loyalty on that account. General Wedemeyer, who criticized their judgment in his testimony at the MacArthur hearing, made it quite clear that he did not doubt their loyalty:

But these men I could not say were Pinko, or were Communist, just because they criticized the National Government or said good things about the Communists in China. . . . I never questioned the loyalty of my fellow Americans, Senator Smith, I

HAROLD C. HINTON is a member of the History Department at Georgetown.

accept them as being loyal to both country and principle.

As I indicated in my opening statement, I think it is a terrific accusation or allegation to make against a fellow American. It is difficult for a man to live down, too, once it is made indiscriminately.

To meet the situation in China as they saw it, Stilwell, Service, and the other political advisers devised a four-point plan: the Nationalists and Communists were to be brought together in an anti-Japanese political coalition; an American military mission was to be sent to Yenan, the Communist capital; General Stilwell must be put in direct command over all Chinese armies; and he was to be given complete control over the disposition of all American aid to China. If the National Government reformed itself, they reasoned, it might remain the dominant element in the coalition; if not, it was doomed, with or without the coalition.

If the Communists came to control China, they might be made with proper handling to align themselves with the United States rather than with the Soviet Union. If this last hope seems naive in the light of recent events, a case can nevertheless be made for it. Joseph Alsop, the best informed of all American columnists with regard to American wartime policy toward China, and certainly not pro-Communist, recently defended the loyalty and judgment of Service's colleague John P. Davies with admirable intellectual honesty in his column:

By the end of 1943 and the beginning of 1944, it was already clear that the regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would succumb to the Chinese Communists after the war, unless something pretty drastic was done. My view was that a Communist triumph could be prevented by replacing General Stilwell with a wiser man, increasing the scale of American aid and intervening very actively to reform the rotting Nationalist government.

Given the satisfaction of all these difficult conditions, particularly the indispensable third, I still think I might have been proven right.

Davies held the view, on the other hand, and with many excellent reasons, that the Generalissimo's government was already past saving. If this was the case, the question was not how to prevent a Communist victory, but how to come to terms with it. Davies also knew certain things that very few people in America seem to know even today—that Mao Tse-tung and his Communists had developed their party and their policy in isolation from and sometimes in defiance of the Kremlin, for example, and that throughout the course of the China war, the only recipient of Soviet aid had been the Generalissimo.

With this special knowledge Davies made what must now be accounted an extremely brilliant de-

duction—that Titoism was possible, before Titoism had been heard of. Believing Chiang Kai-shek was past saving, believing also in the possibility of Chinese Titoism, Davies therefore recommended moderate American aid for the Chinese Communists. His avowed aim was to promote their confidence in America, and thus to achieve a division between them and the Kremlin. And if Davies' recommendations had been followed, I now believe he would have been proven right.

WHY have accusations of disloyalty been made against Service and his colleagues? There seems to be a group of persons in this country who, for various reasons, rate the interests of Nationalist China ahead of those of all other foreign nations, even if not ahead of those of the United States. They seem to have formed an alliance with certain anti-Administration politicians who care little for Formosa but a great deal about 1952. The Foreign Service of the United States is in danger of falling a victim to this alliance. Professional diplomacy and the honest, confidential reporting of facts, however unpleasant, are in danger of becoming things of the past. No Foreign Service officer can be sure that his reports may not become weapons in some political struggle. The effect on the morale and integrity of the Foreign Service is bound to be serious.

The Foreign Service would probably not have become a political issue if it were not possible, and even common, under our system of government, for major differences of opinion on matters of policy to exist between the executive and the dominant sections of Congress. Under the British system of responsible government, each such difference is resolved as it arises; a cabinet falls, or a general election is called. Under our system deadlocks may go unresolved for years, shackling the government of the richest and strongest nation on earth at critical moments in history. No amount of streamlining of executive agencies is likely to help much as long as this serious flaw in our Constitution, dignified by the title of separation of powers, is preserved.

We have been able in the past to afford the luxury of deadlocks between the executive and legislative branches of the government mainly because we have oceans to the east and west and weak neighbors to the north and south. A Central European nation with our system of government probably would not have lasted a generation. With the narrowing of the oceans in recent years have come the taking of important steps by the executive without the consent of Congress, and efforts by Congress to check the executive by rationing its funds and investigating its officials. Surely responsible government would be better than this perpetual tug-of-war.

Pending some such overhauling of our Constitution, we may reasonably expect Congressmen to refrain from unjustly blackening the reputations of civil servants simply in order to win a round in their bout with the executive.

Life and Death In the Mines

THE personality of Cecil Sanders appeals to me. Sanders is the only survivor of the explosion in Orient Mine No. 2 at West Frankfort, Illinois, a few days before Christmas. The explosion took the lives of 119 men, the worst mine disaster in this country since 1928.

Sanders was a dispatcher, one who regulates the movement of coal trains in the mine. Eight of his companions had huddled on the floor of the tunnel, on the theory that carbon monoxide rises. They all died. Sanders, who took refuge on top of a pile of rock and dirt nearby, survived. While waiting for the rescuers to come, he sang hymns. The last he remembers he was singing the hymn, "Amazing Grace."

Grace was truly amazing in his case, for 60 hours after the explosion, his lungs full of enough carbon monoxide to kill several ordinary men, Sanders gained consciousness sufficiently to tell his rescuers, "I was praying for you to come. I knew you were coming."

In the hospital on Christmas day, in the oxygen tent and between transfusions, the resurrected miner sang Christmas carols. The doctor said, "I thought he was delirious, but he told me he was 'just happy.'"

There was a picture of him in the paper lying in the oxygen tent, a giant of a man with a three-day beard on his face and a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth. They found a note in his pocket which he had written on the inside of a package of cough drops while he waited to be rescued, or to die: "May the good Lord bless and keep you, dear wife and kids. Meet me in heaven. Husband and dad, Cecil."

There was another religious miner in Orient No. 2 who did not survive. His note to his wife, scribbled on a cigarette wrapper, said: "I love you all way. I go to-night with Christ. I love him too."

It seems safe to assume that Christ will be merciful to the miners who died in Orient No. 2. The owners of the mine are another question. Apparently they knew that the mine was in a dangerous condition and did nothing about it. They did not take proper precautions to clear out the methane gas that started the explosion. In addition, say the government inspectors, the methane explosion "in turn raised and ignited clouds of coal dust, propagating the explosion throughout a wide area of the working section of the mine. It was obvious to the investigators that large accumulations of coal dust were present in the affected areas . . . and that sufficient rock dust had not been applied to prevent the propagation of the explosion." So 119 men are dead and their wives and children are trying to take it from there.

What of the Congressmen who have repeatedly voted against a decent federal safety law? Safety now depends on the laws of about 28 coal-producing states, each with a different set of regulations. According to John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, there is "a strong element of politics" in mine inspection. The federal Bureau of Mines also maintains a body of mine inspectors, but thanks to the Congressmen mentioned, who are nothing if not solicitous for the health of the mine owners' wallets, there is no legal obligation on the operators to follow the recommendations of the federal inspectors.

It is things like this that almost make one look with sympathy on the violent histrionics of John L. Lewis. There was a picture of Lewis in the paper too, coming up out of the West Frankfort mine, dressed in miners' clothes, his face and famous eyebrows black with coal dust. Such is the reputation and record of the man that the question passed unconsciously through your mind, "Did he or did he not smear some of that coal dust on his face for effect?" Such questions distract you from the more basic issues involved.

But Lewis has done well for the miners, all in all. Not so well for labor and the public perhaps, but well for the miners. The survivors of those who died in Orient No. 2 will get \$1,000 from the miners' welfare fund. It is not much, but it is something. Cecil Sanders will have his hospital expenses paid for by the same fund, which has been built up the past few years from the operators' contributions.

★

IT WAS not always thus. In 1902 a widow named Mrs. Kate Burns testified before the arbitration board appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to settle the great anthracite coal strike of that year. Her husband had been an engineer employed by the Markle Company, an outfit which, in its own opinion at least, was one of the more enlightened coal mining companies at that time. Burns had been killed in an underground accident almost 15 years before. Mrs. Burns wept quietly as she described to the arbitrators how she and her two boys had struggled for 13 years to pay off the accumulated rent and coal bill due the Markle Company.

There was another witness. "Henry Coll had worked for the Markle Company for 19 years and had served on the Miners' Relief Committee during the strike. It was his activity in helping his stricken neighbors which led to his discharge and eviction. When the sheriff ordered him out of the company house, along with a dozen other families, Coll pleaded with the officer to give him time, just a day or so. The sheriff took pity on the miner and conferred with the Markle Company. The Markles refused. In a faltering voice the old miner described how the eviction was carried out. It was a dark and rainy November evening. His wife was very ill. Gathering their household effects, Coll set out with his many children, a sick wife and her 100-year-old mother, who was blind and unable to walk. Slowly pro-

ceeding along the dark road, they finally arrived in the middle of the night, in Hazleton, a distance of seven miles, where they found shelter. In spite of every effort of the doctor, Coll's wife became worse and died. . . . The 100-year-old mother-in-law had become progressively worse; and Coll said she might have died since he left home that morning."

The quotation is from a manuscript I have been reading the past few days, the manuscript of a biographical novel about John Mitchell, or "Johnny da Mitch," as he was called by the Italian and Polish miners who idolized him.

Mitchell was surely one of the most impressive figures the American labor movement has ever known. A tremendous leader, first elected president of the United Mine Workers at the age of 29, he was still humble enough to retain a great respect for the common good. As the present UMW contract approaches expiration on April 1 and many of us shiver slightly at the onset of the John L. Lewis season, I could wish that John Mitchell were once again leading the miners. He knew how to do things for the miners without sacrificing the public to his designs.

The author of the novel is Thomas Mullady, an analyst for the Wage Stabilization Board who has worked in the anthracite mines of Eastern Pennsylvania.

In Mitchell's day they worked ten hours a day, sometimes in water up to their hips, for the fabulous wage of \$1.42 a day. Many of the miners were children who should have been in school, not risking their necks down in the mine for from four to ten cents an hour.

George Baer, the coal and railroad tycoon, was the leader of the coal operators in the strike of 1902. I saw a letter of my grandfather's once that told of an encounter with Baer. My grandfather was a Reformed Church minister. Once while visiting in Reading, Pa., he preached a sermon in the church that Baer attended. He told how afterwards Baer came up and congratulated him. I have always wondered uneasily what my grandfather said in that sermon, for if ever there was a man whose praise was suspect it was George Baer.

★

DURING the 1902 strike a religious miner wrote a letter to Baer and appealed to him as a fellow Christian to end the suffering of the miners and their families. The strike had then been going for months and was to last almost half a year before Roosevelt and J. P. Morgan the elder were able to prevail upon Baer to submit the issues to arbitration.

Baer replied to the religious appeal with a letter to the effect that "the rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God has given control of the property rights of the country, and upon the successful management of which so much depends."

The miner released the letter to the papers. It was the arrogance of this famous "divine right" statement, plus the obvious justice of the miners' demands and

Mitchell's wise and moderate leadership, that helped cement public opinion behind the strikers' cause.

Roosevelt's arbitration board gave the men a 10% increase, reduced the hours from ten to nine, arranged for honest weighing of the coal, and granted the union an indirect form of recognition through a formalized grievance procedure.

This was the first time in American labor history that the White House had stepped in to help settle a strike in favor of the workers. Unfortunately, the Baers are still with us 50 years later, still complaining about the interference of government in industry, still exerting their influence to defeat bills that would put teeth into the mine safety laws.

And so we have another mine disaster in this age of alleged progress and enlightenment. And so another 119 miners die and one survives. The one who survived was a heroic man whose simple faith has perhaps proved inspiring to a good many of those who read about it. But it cannot be expected to console entirely the widows and children who miss the 119 who did not survive. The United Mine Workers now have a welfare fund, but that cannot be expected to console them entirely either. We can pray for them, and we should, but maybe it is even more necessary to pray for those blind guides, leaders of the blind, who stand in the road of legislation which could make such deaths unnecessary. We can pray and we can vote.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

LEGEND OF LOVERS

THE legend of Jean Anouilh's title is that of Orpheus and Eurydice. To the Greek myth, with its variable meanings, Anouilh has added an overlay of western romanticism—principally the love-death strain of the troubadours—and then modernized it once again by dressing it in the deliberately sordid terms of pseudo-existentialism. The result is a compounding of fashionable despairs, and it is just about as gloomy as you would guess.

Orpheus meets Eurydice in a provincial railway station—beautifully designed by Eldon Elder—and carries her off to a shabby hotel. There, after twenty-four hours of graphic but not very convincing ecstasy, Eurydice begins to brood. The perfection of love which they have just achieved cannot be sustained in a dirty world; it can only be soiled, and death would be preferable. As convenience would have it, Death—or 'Daath,' as it is pronounced in the play—has been hanging around all the time in a trench-coat, leering at them. Eurydice, to preserve the purity of that fine first flame, permits herself to be killed in a bus accident.

In a last-act procession of spotlighted sequences, Orpheus is given his choice of living without Eurydice or of joining her among the shades. Shouting that he loves

her too much to live, he goes to his own death—and not a moment too soon, either.

The author—at least in Kitty Black's translation—is at his best when he is grubbiest. Using an insinuating waiter as his spokesman, he makes a pretty picture of the beehive activity of the hotel room in which the lovers keep their tryst, and he is likely to depress you as much as does Eurydice. Again, when he is concerned to show that Eurydice's mother has made hearty compromise with the filth of life, he has her notice fly specks in the sugar, shrug and cheerfully stir same into her coffee. He makes his point.

He does not, however, provide the kind of lyric lift which could conceivably make the play's point even momentarily palatable. It takes a good bit of verbal music, or visual magic, to sell this kind of essentially defeatist stuff; the language of "Legend of Lovers" is merely rhetorical, and Peter Ashmore's staging, though it starts well, ends up groping wildly for something solid to cling to.

There is one very effective performance from Hugh Griffith, as the shiftless but life-loving father of Orpheus. Toward the end of the play Mr. Griffith makes a case for the crudities and absurdities the flesh is heir to, and he does it with such real relish that you feel someone has suddenly opened a window on M. Anouilh's world. Richard Burton, as Orpheus, continues to indicate that he is a coming performer; the play defeats him this time out, but he is clearly on his way. Dorothy McGuire is a decided disappointment as Eurydice, but it is difficult to see how she could have made very much more of the self-pitying little monster the author has imagined. (*At the Plymouth*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

UPWARD AND ONWARD

MOVIES are at their best when they swing into action. In fact unless movies move, they might just as well be plays or books. This action doesn't necessarily have to be physical, but even when it is mental, the film itself must have a sense of movement. It must give us more visually than we get from reading or watching a stage play. Several new films are now on our screens, films that may not make cinematic history but which succeed in capturing the spirit of a period and the feel of place as their action takes us on less-traveled roads.

Male or female, you may find yourself exhausted when you arrive at the end of the 2,000-mile trek in "*Westward the Women*." It might even have been Producer Dore Schary's purpose to wear us out, but in any case, he and Director William Wellman have been entertaining about it; and the good cast that goes on the long hard journey holds our interest from beginning to end.

It seems that a rancher who was running a fine big

place out in California in those days had made no provision for the future. He had a lot of men around the place—but no women. So he comes to Chicago, runs some advertisements and gathers a group of women ("only good women") who are willing to make the trip to California and marry his ranchers. The leader of the caravan, virilely played by a tight-lipped Robert Taylor, is to be paid extra money to get the train through—so he's getting it through, come heat, cold, rain, Indians, feminine unpredictability or masculine intractability. Taylor has trouble with his male assistants (some of whom have ideas about the women, some of whom desert), he has trouble with the women (some fight among themselves, some are weak and some are not as "good" as was hoped), he has trouble with Indians, with the weather and the difficult terrain. He swears he'll make men out of the women—and at times he almost does, by teaching them to shoot and defend themselves, to guide the covered wagons over perilous passes and to withstand the many other hardships that turn up as the caravan winds slowly westward.

Outstanding in this large cast of women are Denise Darcel, who makes quite a play for Robert, Hope Emerson, Lenore Lonergan, Julie Bishop, Renata Vanni and many more who walk, push, pull, suffer and struggle. The picture gets a little long, and so, although at the end you may wonder how things are going to turn out when the women arrive at their destination and are paired off with the ranchers, you are ready to say goodbye to this group.

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THERE'S an awful lot of traveling in "*Distant Drums*" too, but for a different reason. Under the guidance of a super-smart scout (Gary Cooper), a combined action of the Army and Navy is made to end the seven-year Seminole War in Florida. Gary and the boys reach the fort all right and attack the enemy, but in escaping with some of the prisoners they rescued from this stronghold, they are in turn attacked by the Indians, who drive them into the Everglades. Then starts their long trek deeper and deeper into the rotting jungle with terrorizing alligators and snakes that may or may not be worse than the Seminoles—depending of course on which kind of death frightens you most.

At times the script by Niven Busch and Martin Rackin seems a little over-simplified and almost gets a touch funny when it isn't supposed to. Perhaps a little real humor would have relieved the tension—but the horrors of Florida in the 1840's don't lend themselves well to comedy. Director Raoul Walsh gives us enough realistic incidents in the long sweaty hike but his characters never quite emerge as real people. We can watch Pauline go through only so many perils.

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YOU'LL probably be surprised, when you see "*The Barefoot Mailman*," to discover that Florida was still pretty primitive in 1890—so backwoods in fact that

the U.S. mail between Palm Beach and Miami was carried by a lively young man who also frequently carried his shoes over his shoulders.

According to this rather sprightly film, based on a novel by Theodore Pratt, this barefoot mailman not only had to fight various reptiles who got in his way but also some very tough beachcombers who had no respect for the mail or the good folk who were settling Florida at this time. The plot, directed by Earl McEvoy who handles the whole thing as if it were a western without horses, also has to do with a smooth confidence man (Robert Cummings, working hard for laughs) and a wiry young girl (Terry Moore, acting a bit childish for her age) who accompany the postman (Jerome Courtland) on one of his trips. I think they wear their shoes—but they sure run into a lot of trouble. If you're not too fussy, you'll find this tour through Southern Florida both exciting and diverting.

★

IN ITS way a new English import means to be an exciting open-air drama too. But *"Bonnie Prince Charlie,"* in spite of its thoughtful script by Clemence Dane, gets bogged down in historical talkiness and lacks the zip that this fascinating subject matter should have. David Niven plays the last (and most unlucky) of the Stuarts in a lively manner, and he has an excellent supporting cast including such outstanding actors as Margaret Leighton, Finlay Currie, Jack Hawkins helping him out through scene after scene of historical significance. The Technicolor is good throughout; but unfortunately the total effect of this handsomely made picture is of a series of well-intended tableaux. I'm sure this story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be told again. It is a natural for the films—unless of course Bonnie Prince Charlie is unlucky in this medium too.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

War and Conscience

Washington, D. C.

TO THE Editors: Michael de la Bedoyere's article (December 21, 1951) is impressive as a sincere and thoughtful attempt to evaluate the Christian pacifist's rejection of modern war at a time when modern war appears to be the ultimate (and, unfortunately so, inevitable) means by which our present civilization is to be preserved. He is to be commended for avoiding the usual shallow approach which dismisses the pacifist and his position as a "social luxury" in these threatening times. Unfortunately, however, he misses the real point to the pacifist argument.

A dilemma involves a choice between alternatives. With regard to modern war, the Christian pacifist denies that it can be considered as an acceptable alternative and, consequently, that there is any choice but to reject it. It

is agreeable to have one's cake; it is also agreeable to eat it; a dilemma is present in that one is forced to choose one and forego the other. But in the choice between committing mortal sin and saving our civilization, we are concerned with values of different orders; and the Christian faced with these must choose the spiritual value of saving his soul in preference to the value of the natural order, saving his life, his nation, or even his civilization. . .

A distinct service is performed by Mr. de la Bedoyere in changing the focus of the argument from the usual interpretation of individual incidents and texts taken from Scripture to the "general sense" or spirit of Christ's teachings and examples drawn from His life. But to draw from this a rationale that justifies participation in modern war is something a bit too obscure for this writer to follow. Certainly, one finds in the general sense of Christ's life and teachings the recognition of the legitimacy of two levels of conduct (as long as there is no conflict between them): the willingness to mix with publicans and sinners (perhaps even with Communists in a Communist world); a true love for the earthly Jerusalem; and a recognition of the authority of the Roman State within its proper sphere. All of these things can be accepted by the Christian pacifist. The "acceptance" of soldiers is also admitted, although one may question whether that automatically implies the acceptance of soldiering. For that matter, the Christian pacifist "accepts" soldiers who are in good faith while condemning military service as being unChristian.

In arguing from the general sense of the New Testament, however, Bedoyere devotes surprisingly little attention to the most significant single element of the "spirit" of the Christian teaching, the constant reiteration of the dedication by Christ of Himself and His followers to an all-encompassing, self-sacrificial love—a love that knows no racial or national distinctions; a love that is specifically directed toward the Christian's enemies; a love, I submit, that leaves no place whatsoever for bombs, atomic or other, against active enemy combatants, much less for innocent enemy civilians.

The spirit of the New Testament utterly excludes the course of action required by modern war from the realm of acceptable alternatives. Similarly, this spirit of love overriding all distinctions of a temporal nature renders the intricate theological discussions of the "just war" somewhat academic in tone. For even assuming that which the pacifist would hold impossible—namely, that a given modern war could be fitted into the framework of the traditional requisite conditions for the just war—the pacifist would still say that the spirit of Christian love would be irreconcilable with bearing arms against his brother in Christ. This is not to say that theologians are in error or that there is any contradiction between supernaturally revealed truth and the truth derived through the use of natural reason. Rather, it is a case of one virtue superceding the other with the Christian rising above the wisdom of the wise and voluntarily suffering the burden of injustice in the spirit of charity and becoming a fool for Christ. Only in this aspect will the

Christian pacifist admit that his position is "senseless."

The challenge remains that this is being unrealistic in the face of the Godless forces presently threatening our civilization. This touches upon the sharpest thorn in the pacifist's side, the popular assumption that he is utterly naive, that he "doesn't know the facts of life" in a world of contentious secular powers. Bedoyere suggests that we might recognize in the myriad evils of our time (including wars and their excesses) "a means of world purification, a destroying fire, which if the Gospel is preached and lived again by the Christian can be a prelude to the renovation of the world. . . ." A better statement of the pacifist's program of action would be difficult to find. But war, to the pacifist, is well in the forefront of the personal and social sins and evils that have brought us to the point where a world purification is inevitable; and each new war merely increases the volume of those sins and evils and makes certain a greater intensity for the ultimate purification. One does not purge himself of sin by indulging in that sin to an ever-increasing extent. The purification will come and must come, but it is the Christian pacifist who is the *true* realist when he says that it will probably come in the form of a wave of martyrdom to an extent thus far unknown and unimagined.

This may well mean that a pacifist Christian nation would be completely overrun, despoiled, and depopulated by aggressive Godless enemies because it refused to defend itself by resorting to modern war and the evils necessarily involved in modern war. If so, it would be nothing new. Rather, it would be but another instance of large-scale shedding of the blood of martyrs, another large-scale sowing of the seed of Christians. It is the price each and every one of us agreed to pay at the time we gained the privileges of Christian sacramental life; it is a price we have always known may be "payable on demand."

This acceptance of martyrdom as a probable consequence of consistent Christian pacifism does not imply a necessarily defeatist attitude or the brand of quietism that counsels one to sit quietly and wait for the blow to fall. The Christian pacifist is no masochist; he seeks no unnecessary martyrdom. Every legitimate human means falling between the extremes of immoral compromise on the one hand and immoral resistance on the other, may and should be employed to avert or reduce the threat. And, these human means failing, the purification he realistically foresees need not keep from the pacifist's lips the prayer that, if it be God's will, the bitter cup be spared him. But his dread of personal suffering and the loss of a civilization admittedly more amenable to Christianity than would be a Communist civilization would never permit him to accept the thesis offered by Georgetown's Father Walsh, which not only accepts the legitimacy of atomic destruction of civilian areas to preserve these values, but actually recommends landing the first punch! . . .

We have been trained away from the essential Christian ideal of self-sacrificial love, and unless a drastic reformation takes place in the value-hierarchy subscribed to by Christians, they will not be able to preach the Gospel and live as Christians. The idealized Christian

"hero" may have to change from the Christian bombardier or pilot shot down with his load of destruction intended for some enemy city to a Christian "soldier of non-violence" who meets death before the altar with his Rosary in his hand. We are in the world and temporarily of the world, and we must make of it what we can. That means that if we are overrun, despoiled, and depopulated, we must continue to live as Christians until we are put to death as Christians. Civilizations may perish, but the Church will go on. Indeed, the anti-Christian materialistic civilization the Communists would impose might be just as fertile a ground for victories for the Faith as is the de-Christianized materialistic civilization that now surrounds us.

All of which seems to ignore the question of the preservation of Christianity itself. Actually, this is the point of least concern to the Christian pacifist; for here he can place his confidence in the direct divine assurance that the Church will not be destroyed, that even the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. That promise would be strangely weak if, at its ultimate test, its fulfillment would depend upon the physical actions of men. More than that, it would be strangely inconsistent if its fulfillment depended upon the willingness of Christians to kill their brothers, to rain atomic destruction upon innocents, to blockade, to lie, to create hatred—in short, to commit the numberless actions of modern war which, in their essences, are in direct contradiction to the spirit of Christ and His teachings. . .

If innocents must die to purge the world of sin — and Christian history and tradition shows this to be the case — it is far more consistent with the spirit of Christ that Christians be on the dying than on the killing end.

GORDON C. ZAHN.

New York, N. Y.

TO THE Editors: Within the scope of a letter it is quite impossible to point out all the fallacious and confused statements in the article. The case was fully debated in *THE COMMONWEAL* a few years ago. It took the form of an intense dialogue in which many participated. We thrashed it all out, for weeks and months. It ended when someone, I believe it was Maritain, wrote that to advocate non-violent resistance was equivalent to expecting people to turn martyrs. That many people could be heroes who could not be martyrs. That the best they could offer was violent resistance to evil. That to place the burden of non-violent resistance on people who could not shoulder it, was an invitation to suicide.

Such was, at the time, the one and only argument which seemed to me truly irrefutable. Of course, then and thus we had all agreed that there should be resistance. The escapist kind of pacifism was abhorrent to all of us. We had reached fundamentals: Should Christian resistance be violent or non-violent? We also understood that non-violent resistance did not mean it would not be bloody. The path of non-violent resistance might spell death, violent death, martyrdom indeed, for the non-violent resisters, that is, those who would not offer passive submission to tyranny but an active non-violent opposition. The only question was whether Catholics

should bear testimony in that way. About some Protestants and Buddhists we knew already.

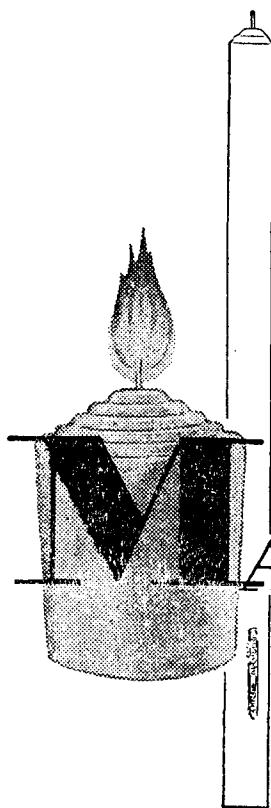
The argument which ended the discussion seems to me the only one still valid today. The question has not changed. The dilemma is not "provided by modern warfare," it is not a matter whether Catholics can agree or not to the use of atomic weapons. And the alternative does not lie in the "Christian citizen's" being very careful to keep within himself "one object and motive only, in so far as he is a follower of Christ, namely to preach and teach the Kingdom of God" while dropping tons of death on civilian populations.

Such ghastly acrobatics of thought make us cry for honesty. Honesty alone when facing ourselves can perhaps prevent millions of people from echoing Gandhi's saying: "I love Christ and dislike the Christians." The truth is that, as Christians, we are not ready for non-violent resistance. And that is nothing to be proud of, quite on the contrary. It is certainly not something to camouflage behind grandiose words which fool no one but us.

Non-violent resistance is not an emotion, a sentimental stand. It is not improvised. It is slowly, painfully prepared, and carried through with nothing short of total commitment. Such procedure has already been exemplified by the Quakers and Gandhi and his followers. And now there are Catholics treading the same path in Europe. In France for instance I have come repeatedly in contact with such groups. Most of the time the leadership and the majority are Catholic, but Protestants,

Jews, Mohammedans and humanists join in. In many cases it is simply a question of stating the problem, of becoming conscious of the possibility of non-violent resistance. Among young Catholics there is already a growing determination to say "no" to any attempt at enrolling them for violence.

Within the Church herself there is *Pax Christi*, a lay movement sponsored by the hierarchy. This is not just a diplomatic pious gesture for peace. *Pax Christi* is intended to arouse Catholics to the problem of peace, systematically and constantly by special Masses, by diffusion of papal teaching on peace, by doctrinal studies on non-violent resistance, by get-togethers with all those who work for peace regardless of their political allegiances. A distinguished Jesuit, Father Pierre Lorson, has written a book *Un chrétien peut-il être objecteur de conscience?* which is an eye-opener to many Catholics. Bold statements have come from Mgr. Gerlier, Mgr. Chevrot, Chanoine Chenu, and many French bishops. Though they leave it up to the individual to choose his expression of resistance in accord with his own conscience, yet the significant fact is that within the Church in France some Catholics have openly gone beyond tacit acceptance of participation in war as the only possible Christian attitude. They have gone beyond acquiescence in violent resistance, which Mr. De La Bedoyere preaches. On the other hand they are aware of the spurious kinds of non-violent resistance such as spring from weakness of character, masochism, sexual inadequacy, social maladjustment, etc. They know that the path of genuine non-



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"The establishment of the proper hierarchy in human rights, the determination of those rights for the sake of which other rights, if need be, must be joyfully sacrificed, this task is as urgent today as the mere enumeration of human rights as a whole."

—Charles Malik in *The Commonweal*
(October 12, 1951)

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violent resistance is one of balanced, fearless determination. It is not a stubborn immovable attitude. It is an inner willingness to move ahead daringly and deliberately, day by day, toward the unknown country of the Holy Spirit.

Most of us who in common with the Communists still acquiesce in the violent way, can at least refuse to justify or deceive ourselves. Our incapability of resisting non-violently is but the evidence of the infantilism of our Christian life. Such bitter, implacable knowledge is a grace since it can prevent us from ever feeling like crusaders or saviors of civilization. That constitutes, I believe, the first correct step toward a solution not only of the Christian dilemma but of the present world situation.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

Short Answer

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE Editors: *Re:* review of *Turn West, Turn East: Mark Twain and Henry James*, reviewer Wayne Andrews: "Was not Mrs. Wharton a far keener reporter of the superficialities which stamp the observer than the admittedly more profound creator of the Princess Casamissima?" No, she was not. Oh, dear, that a reviewer in *THE COMMONWEAL* could be so wrong!

MILDRED FLOYD SCHMITZ.

Appeal for Books

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TO THE Editors: Allow me to introduce myself as the first principal of this new college recently opened for the purpose of giving a University education to deserving boys of South India. We are in dire need of books to set up a library, covering subjects such as English, History, Physics, Mathematics, Mechanical Engineering, Latin and Philosophy. Even shop-soiled books will be gratefully received.

My students and I send our heartfelt thanks as the first friends of this infant institution. We should be pleased to get postcards telling us books are on the way.

(REV.) J. MED, S.D.B.

THE COMMONWEAL has received grateful acknowledgment from Father J. O'Loughlen, Procurator for the Salesian Missions of Saint John Bosco, for contributions sent for Father Ravalico in India. In a November issue of the magazine readers were told of Father Ravalico's work and need. A number responded very generously.

The American Friends of Don Luigi Sturzo, who were collecting for victims of the Po Valley floods, also acknowledge the receipt of generous contributions from COMMONWEAL readers.

Books

The Seasons' Difference. Frederick Buechner. Knopf. \$3.50.

MR. BUECHNER, who received considerable attention following the publication of his first novel, *A Long Day's Dying*, describes in this second book the background of and the reactions to a young man's attempt to re-enact a vision, or what he considered a vision, for a group of his friends.

Peter Cowley, a tutor, having announced participation in a supernatural moment, felt obliged, when he noted the skeptical reception of this news, to go through the entire experience again while his cousin, Sara, her husband, Sam, their friends, Lundrigan and Julie McMoon, wait and watch from a slight distance. The re-enactment is complicated somewhat by the actions of a group of precocious children who have been receiving instructions from Peter. The denouement involves the children, the friends and a confidant of Peter, Dr. Thomas Lavender, in some dramatic and significant scenes, all of which are concerned with manners and morals, experience and reality, good and evil.

At the outset, Mr. Buechner gives the impression that he is suffering a Jamesian, or even a Proustian jag. The preponderance of complex sentences, appositive clauses and parenthetical phrases strikes one as being unnatural and inappropriate. This extended prolixity may be the result of the writer's decision to exhibit a "style." The exhibition produces rather, a supercilious tone which is damaging because the book does reveal marks of perceptiveness and talent. For example, Buechner employs effectively, among other devices, that trick of introducing a brief, sharp image, unrelated to, but close by the major, intense action he is describing—a piece of newspaper blowing in the air, a firework exploding—which transfixes the important incident and brightens its outlines.

The scheme of the story is a con-

fused and confusing thing. At one time, with the stress put on the activities of the children, an Alice-in-Wonderland climate exists; with the appearance of Dr. Lavender, Peter's spiritual adviser, it becomes doubtful that Buechner is really on the side of the good, the true and the beautiful. Lavender shows as an evangelistic screwball who fumbles for verbal and physical balance, and who, after marrying the children, falls from a tree and kills himself. Lavender can undoubtedly be explained; he does not explain himself. Peter's admonitions to follow the example of Christ, probably the expression of a sincere conviction on the part of the author, are vague and unconvincing. Sam's efforts to console Peter derive from some sentimental sense and Sara, the sculptress, along with her model, Mollie, seem to have been included in order to even the sides. It is only with Lundrigan that Mr. Buechner is certain and successful. The character of this skeptic, this reasonable materialist, is completed and given a sense of reality.

But a sense of reality is absent throughout the rest of the book. Peter's convictions remain synthetic emanations, the conversations of the children, particularly the two called, cutely but aptly, the Uglies, are stilted and extraneous, and the insertion of religious symbols such as the vision and the drawing of the fish with the Greek tag, *ichthus*, are clearly quantities in a formula and never of an artistic creation. Only a lingering preoccupation with the inscrutable grandeur of childhood and a stern opposition to apathy, ignorance and hedonism are conveyed, and these do not become serious or important.

GEORGE MILES.

Bernardine Realino, Renaissance Man. Francis Sweeney, S.J. Macmillan. \$2.75.

WALTER NIGG has rightly pointed out that the gradual fading away of the world of the

saints, so evident in recent generations, must be deemed a tragic fate with no parallel in history. Much of the fault, no doubt, lies with ourselves, yet not a little of the difficulty may properly be traced to inept hagiographers.

Fortunately, no one need complain about Father Sweeney's brilliant biography of the very human Bernardine Realino. The author has put to good use the standard studies by Gernier and Venturi. More than that, he has essayed his own interpretation and has caught the warmth of a saint who belongs as much to the twentieth as to the sixteenth century.

Bernardine's life ran from 1529 to 1616. It knew all the interests of the Renaissance world, from a sound training in law and the classics, through romantic love, beautifully felt and beautifully sung, for the lovely Chloris, to administrative labors in the service of Cardinal Madruzzo, the Duke of Sessa and the Marquis of Pescara. Then, dramatically, at the age of thirty-four, Bernardine entered the Society of Jesus.

He never got to be either preacher or theologian of outstanding fame. Yet the Jesuit college at Lecce, in the south of Italy, which he founded in 1574 and whereat he remained until his death forty-two years later, was soon conscious of an apostle in its midst. Largely, it was his giving of himself to penitents which made a saint of him. He "sat imprisoned in his confessional, while the traffic of repentance advanced on either side of him, dim shadows through the screen that whispered and bowed their heads to his absolution and then were gone." Such was his love of the city wherein God had placed him that its mayor and senate crowded round his death-bed and pleaded that he continue in heaven the patron of Lecce as he had been its father and friend on earth.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Emily Dickinson. Richard Chase. William Sloane Associates. \$4.

MR. CHASE proves an admirably impartial umpire in one of the dirtiest of American indoor sports

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— the Dickinson Game. This will come as a surprise to readers of his *Herman Melville*, which was not a notably temperate book. His latest, forming part of the new American Men of Letters Series, does not profess to be a work of original scholarship. For the biographical details he relies heavily on George F. Whicher's *This Was a Poet*, "the first dependable biography," while blowing his whistle frequently at the hot-headed fouds committed by the numerous biographers who have emotionally identified themselves with Emily Dickinson—or rather, identified her with themselves—an error he himself was guilty of in regard to Melville.

In the purely biographical portion, Mr. Chase robs Emily Dickinson of part of her individuality with one hand, while adding a new facet to that individuality with the other. He shows clearly that her indebtedness to nineteenth-century New England, as well as to its inheritance from the seventeenth century, is far greater than has hitherto been admitted. On the other hand, he convinces us that the whole pattern of her life was

molded from within rather than from without. Far from being shocked into the life of a recluse by falling in love with a married clergyman—the current oversimplification—she had begun to be a recluse long before she met the Rev. Charles Wadsworth and would probably have followed her chosen pattern of renunciation even if he had been free to marry her.

Nobody could ever accuse Mr. Chase of lack of courage—or lack of temerity—and in his criticism of Emily Dickinson's poetry he faces squarely what constitutes for me the fundamental Dickinson Problem. "No great poet," he writes, "has written so much bad verse as Emily Dickinson." Why? Well, his answer is too long and complex to give here, but he does supply one, and incidentally justifies his use of the word "great."

One final quotation will have to serve as an index of Mr. Chase's quality: "I have consistently praised Emily Dickinson's 'narrowness' — her strong preoccupation with death and her residual Calvinism. I have

not meant, however, to imply that these or analogous preoccupations are necessarily beneficial to poetry. They were beneficial to *Emily Dickinson's* poetry. . . Yet a poetry whose single theme is death is hardly a goal to be sought by all poets."

VIVIAN MERCIER.

Greece: American Dilemma and Opportunity. L. S. Stavrianos. Regnery. \$3.25.

THE UN Balkan Commission pointed out recently that the Soviet satellites around Greece are still a potential danger to that country. Greece is also a critical testing ground for American foreign policy; we proclaimed the Truman Doctrine with that country primarily in mind. Today we are the dominant Western Power in that corner of the Balkans, sitting astride the routes through the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean. Since our policies in Greece have involved us in Greek politics, we shall be held responsible for whatever happens in Greece.

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Obviously, a systematic survey of the complex events which have produced the contemporary problem of Greece has been needed. In this respect, Dr. Stavrianos has given us a fine introduction to the historical evolution of the Hellenic peoples, culminating in the terrible days of World War II, and the replacement of England by the United States as the power determined to stop Soviet hordes at the Greek border.

Even though this is the best current introduction to the Greek dilemma, the work is not without its weaknesses. In spite of the numberless details scattered throughout the survey, the presentation becomes frequently quite diffuse. In fact, there are too many unnecessary quotations scattered throughout. While good Greek sources have been utilized, some unusual American sources (p. 128 for instance) crop up, while others are entirely ignored. A good bibliography could have strengthened the book. The role of the Soviets behind the guerrillas is somehow too underemphasized, while too much ac-

cent is put on social conditions' producing the revolution of the pro-Soviet bands in Greece.

Otherwise, this is a good book, an indispensable book on a little country which has suffered because it has been caught between the pincer movements of the Soviet drive to the Mediterranean.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

Bill Mauldin's Army. Bill Mauldin. Sloane. \$5.

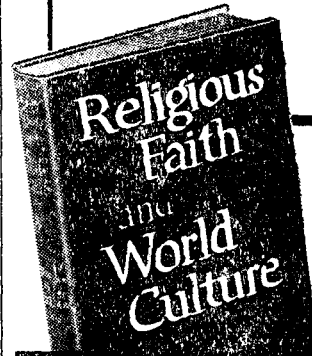
THIS book has 439 Mauldin cartoons, beginning in the training camp and ending at the veterans' hospital. The early cartoons lean somewhat on the platinum-plated cartoonist's crutch, the inane situation: freezing private of the guard socks sergeant and gets put in heated guardhouse; jeep driver finds midget gas pump at the motor pool. These are not unlike the cartoons of a hundred other drawing drafftees.

But many of these early pages of the 18-year-old Mauldin demonstrate the brilliant, realistic comic talent that made him the GI's wartime spokesman, and which, oddly, has failed him since he has turned to civilian subjects. It is a rainy night. The infirmary is a muddy quarter of a mile from the barracks. A medical officer tells a trainee: "You're in bad shape, man! Run over to your barracks, get your stuff together, and be back in five minutes ready for the ambulance." On bivouac, a general warms his hands at an enlisted men's fire while saying "I don't want to have to warn you men again about building these confounded fires."

The development of Mauldin's technique is most impressive in this book. From early conventional cartoons, notable only for their sense of motion, his work progresses to the real graphic distinction of the overseas cartoons. There is that magnificent observation of men's positions, the sense of absolutely real activity that is in such cartoons as "Grab his pistol, Joe—we kin take it to th' rear an trade it fer some combat boots," or "Ever notice th' funny sound these zippers make, Willie?"

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That, and the rich, accurate detail.

It's been said before: these cartoons are wonderful. Many have not been published in book form before, and any ex-soldier will wince with painful memory when he sees such ones as "I'd rather cover th' gun. I won't hafta dry myself with an oily rag," and "Sergeant, go requisition that fire." But they are all wonderful.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

On Good Ground. Sister Helen Angela Hurley. University of Minnesota. \$3.75.

THIS is the story of the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Paul, Minnesota. That simple statement, I know, is enough to keep many people from the book—understandably, since no group has suffered more at the hands of well-intentioned biographers than the foundresses and pioneers of the American teaching orders.

The actual histories of these women, however, were remarkable; if properly and honestly told they are rich in human interest and vibrant Americana. Even if one were to limit consideration merely to brick and mortar accomplishments, American nuns seem to me to be just about the greatest career women this country has ever known. Most of the pioneer nuns began with a minimum of funds and educational background and few followers, but they left behind schools, colleges, hospitals and charitable institutions of all kinds, literally by the dozen; within a few generations in most cases their followers could be counted by the hundreds. Group after group, the story is the same. Pity these poor women that their pious biographers so often turn them into insipid creatures with about as much muscle and meaning as the Barclay Street saints.

Sister Helen Angela has written no nonsense, pious or otherwise. Her book is scholarly, lively, intelligently organized and, in its over-all effect, remarkably edifying.

She recounts the history of the Minnesota group of St. Joseph Sisters in painstaking detail which

somehow never grows boring. Whenever possible she has relied on letters, documents and newspaper files. The story begins with the first four nuns leaving a quiet mother-house in St. Louis for the wilds of Minnesota, in 1851. It ends a century later—with the order having more than a thousand members who staff schools, hospitals, orphanages and St. Catherine's, one of the leading women's colleges in the United States. *On Good Ground* is a kind of microcosmic history of American Catholicism, tracing the path from rags to riches. Sister Helen Angela, a Christian critic as well as a scholar, is not slow to remind us that all that glitters is not gold.

These pages sparkle with the brilliance of people like Archbishop John Ireland and his sister Mother Seraphine Ireland, but I feel sure other orders of American Sisters have histories just as rich and moving. Still it is doubtful if the story will ever again be told so well. Sister Helen Angela has succeeded in breathing life into what might otherwise be dead Ph.D. material. Her book is a model for conventual historians.

JOHN COGLEY.

Law, Liberty and Love. Dom Columba Cary-Elwes. Devin-Adair. \$4. paid.

THOUGH various reasons are offered in explanation of the contemporary Benedictine revival, no one can deny the fact, and all who know the welfare of the Church and Western Civilization will rejoice in it. Perhaps the chief reasons for the revival is that the Church and the World which already owe the Benedictines so much, have rarely needed them more. The ineffectiveness of the West's response to the Communist challenge is due in large part to the fact that so many have lost sight of first principles. There is a consequent flabbiness and uncertainty for which a very heavy price has already been paid.

In this book the author surveys the growth of European Civilization from the vantage point of an Order that preceded it, and draws some conclusions useful for all of us. He re-

minds us of two truths that are often ignored in America: that obedience is important, and that Civilization exists for Religion, not Religion for Civilization. Those who find the cure for all European and Asian ills in a "continuous Revolution" financed by "forward-looking countries" like America might profit from his reminder that Liberty cannot last long without the supremacy of Law. Since the threat to the West endangers all who share its heritage there is room for the reminder that a common effort based on charity among those whose ideals and programs differ is possible and urgent. The preface is by Arnold Toynbee, who adds his own high authority and prestige to the argument of Dom Columba Cary-Elwes.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

Bloody Precedent. Fleur Cowles. Random House. \$3.

MRS. COWLES finds in the blood-thirsty Rosas dictatorship of a century ago a striking prototype of the Peron rule in Argentina. The parallel that seems to affect her most derives from the correspondingly unique positions, and king-maker roles, of Encarnacion Rosas and the bejewelled Evita. The Rosas chapters are both brutal and dreary; the analysis of the reigning perons appears generally sound. It is documented by several first-hand encounters.

• REVIEWERS •

GEORGE MILES, who has written regular criticism for this magazine, is now living in Kirkwood, Missouri.

REV. HENRY G. J. BECK teaches Church History at the Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.

VIVIAN MERCIER teaches at Columbia and City College of New York.

REV. FLORENCE D. COHALAN is a priest of the Archdiocese of New York who is assigned to the faculty of Cathedral College.

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